

## Dorothy Dix's Article ON

Parental Influence—Both Mother and Father Are Needed For the Moulding of a Daughter's Character.

By DOROTHY DIX

A WOMAN asks this question: "Which parent is needed more to the moulding of a daughter's character, the father or the mother?"

The answer to this question is, both. Neither father nor mother alone can any more mold a daughter's character, but, broadly and symmetrically, both parents should be considered.

Any girl who gets a square deal from fate has a mother who watches over her, teaches her how to be modest and discreet and gentle and tender, and a father who instills grit and courage and determination and the big impersonal views of things into her. She has a mother to teach her pink tea patten at parties and "father who discusses with her the effect of regional banks on the currency system and the Monroe doctrine in world politics, so to speak.

**Apt to Be Narrow.**  
When you find a girl who has been brought up exclusively by her mother and who has no masculine influence on her life, you are apt to find her narrow and prejudicial, and ways and convinced that the most important thing on earth is to have a skirt four inches narrower than any other girl's or a feather half a foot taller, or to be the limit of the exaggerated fashion, whatever it is. Also, she is almost always overconventional and given to subsisting on chocolate creams.

On the other hand, when you find a girl who has been raised by her father without a mother's influence, she's pretty certain to be headstrong and sporty; to lack a certain delicate refinement, and to so scorn the proprieties that gossip is always busy with her name. And she eats roast beef and onions.

**Both Are Needed.**  
Raising a girl is no one man or no one woman job. It takes both the father and the mother to turn out a specimen that is a credit to the human race and a blessing to the world she lives in. The ideal woman must have gentleness and force, she must have sweetness and strength, she must have innocence and knowledge. These qualities are the composite of the blending of feminine and masculine influence on a plastic character.

The world has always been so busy remodeling over a mother's influence over her children that it has left itself no breath in which to speak of a father's influence. But the latter is equally as valuable and even more potent. The pity of it is that so few American children ever have the benefit of this benign power in shaping their lives.

For in this country it is sadly true that in most families father is nothing but a cash register. He feels that he has done his complete duty when he feeds and clothes his children and

pays their school bills, and he leaves the balance to the mother. Most men recognize some duty they owe their sons, although the generally never pay it at the same time few men ever realize that they have a sacred obligation to help develop their daughters' characters. They feel that they can turn over their girls to their wives with a clear conscience.

**Great Mistake.**  
Never was there a greater mistake. Biologists tell us that daughters are closer to their fathers in spiritual and mental fibre than sons are; that there is the same close tie between them that there is between mothers and sons. Common observation and experience bear this out. Every woman will testify that she has always "understood" her father better than she has her mother, and been in closer sympathy with him. She has found it easier to confide in him than she has in her mother—that is, of course, if she had a real human father and not a pettifogging or an animated check book of a father.

It is just as true that every great woman had a great father as it is that every great man has had a great mother. That is why talent so often skips to the third generation, and a great man's genius reappears in his daughter's son instead of his own son.

**Father's Influence Imparts Broader View.**

A father's influence over his daughter, when he chooses to exercise it, is prepotent because of this subtle bond between them. And he gives to his daughter not only in inheritance but in training some quality of strength and bigness that a mother can never give. You can pick out among your acquaintances the women who have been chums with their father without knowing anything of their personal history. They are more tolerant, less personal, have more varied interests and a generally broader sympathy with life than the women who have been under exclusively feminine tutelage all their lives.

This being the case, is it not pathetic, is it not criminal that more fathers do not seek to influence their daughters for good—that they do not spend more time trying to put frills on their girl's character instead of buying them frills for their backs?

Think of the misery that might be avoided if fathers took enough interest in their daughters' hearts to influence the girls to eliminate the unworthy ones. Think of the sorrow and grief it would save if every father influenced his daughter to learn some good way by which she could make a living should she be thrown on her own resources! Think of all it would mean to the world if fathers impressed on their daughters' character an honorable man's ideal of honor, honesty and courage!

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

## BEAUTY

A Charming Talk With Pretty Helen Ely



Determine character by hair arrangement.

Arrange Your Tresses Carelessly.

Be careful of the colors you wear.

**BY MAUDE MILLER.**  
ES. I have auburn hair—in fact, it's very nearly red. And for that very reason I have to take great care of it. Thus spoke Miss Helen Ely, of "The Girls of the Great White Way" company, decidedly as she looked out at me from under her auburn lashes.

This is the very opportunity I have been longing for. I have always wanted to talk about hair, and as mine is red it would make it every father influence his daughter to learn some good way by which she could make a living should she be thrown on her own resources! Think of all it would mean to the world if fathers impressed on their daughters' character an honorable man's ideal of honor, honesty and courage!

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some kind to go by. Well, the right kind of hair is clean, healthy and characteristic. And this brings me to the time-worn discussion of how often should the hair be washed. Let me settle it this way—it all depends upon the temperament. Do you think this is begging the question? Really, it isn't. Just stop and think how very often you have left more important things than a hair shampoo to this self-same temperament, and they generally come out all right—don't they? Well, leave the matter of a hair shampoo to your temperament. Depend upon it to cry out and let you know whenever the hair is ready, and then there will never

only ruining his trousers, but scalding those members in a terrible way. He went to a bedroom and announced his legs with suave and then came back to finish his dinner, being a man of great moral courage. Then everything went well until nearly the end of the meal, when Deacon Binswanger was lifting a cup of coffee to his lips. The cup was one of the repaired ones, and it fell in two. Just like the soup plate, and that steaming coffee went all over his poor blistered legs again, and it's useless to ask me what he said on that occasion. There's some language that won't bear repetition, but you must realize how you are wasting your time trying to tell me your "loud glee."

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## TELEPHONE COMPLAINTS EARLY

Subscribers failing to get The Herald promptly should call at the office or telephone No. 2030 before 6:30 p. m. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

Here is a sumptuous evening frock of pisatche meteor. The sleeveless bodice is of tulle thickly embroidered in gold and finished by a tiny vest of flesh-colored tulle, against which nestle two La France roses. From the roses falls a movement of beads that sway gracefully against the rich skirt drapery of the crepe meteor. The skirt is slightly slit in front and lengthens into a pointed train at the back. Over it falls a tunic of the gold embroidered tulle that lengthens in a long point at the back.

THIS smart afternoon frock, on the right, is a favorite of one of the most beautiful of Parisian actresses. It consists of a coat of chartreuse colored velours frappe, built on kimono lines and fastened in at the waist line with a full line of feathers. Sable bands trim the neck and fronts that open over a waistcoat of white tulle, from which a small turn down collar flares over the fur at the neck.

The ribbon girdle is of the chartreuse color, and from this falls a gathered basque of velvet that is cut away to show the front of the skirt. From this falls a deep flounce of chiffon of the same color.

The skirt of the chiffon is drawn up at the center and is trimmed down the line of the front by satin buttons and buttonholes in a darker tone.—OLIVETTE

## The Busy Woman and the Liquid Glue Agent's Visit

BY WALT MASON.

"WELL, my stars and garters!" exclaimed Mrs. Curfew, "I did hope that I wouldn't be pestered with agents this morning, as I need every minute of my time, Deacon Binswanger and his wife and daughter having been invited to eat dinner with us tomorrow. And now here you come to the door, mister, just when I'm getting ready to make some pies, and I suppose you want to sell me a new kind of axle grease that's made of healing herbs and endorsed by several crowned heads, but you might just as well save your breath, for I won't buy anything today."

"It really would pay you, ma'am, to give me five minutes of your time," said the stranger. "Busy women have turned me away from their doors before now, only to repeat in sackcloth and ashes afterward 'I am selling the most remarkable liquid glue ever compounded. It was invented by Prof.

Schnitzelbank, the great Irish scientist." "I don't care who invented it," interrupted Mrs. Curfew, "I don't want it, and wouldn't have it as a gift. We have so many bottles in our cupboard now that heartrending mistakes are always occurring. Mr. Curfew being a most impatient man, and when he has a twinge of rheumatism he doesn't always take time to choose the right bottle, but takes the first that he comes to, and during the past few months he has swallowed furniture polish, liquid shoe blacking, wood alcohol and a patent mixture for bleaching straw hats. On each occasion we had to send for the doctor who used his stomach pump and other expensive equipment, and his charges were out of all reason. And now when we're just getting on our feet again, you come along offering your liquid glue, knowing full well that my husband would drink it by mistake and have his insides all stuck together. Your trashy glue reminds me of an

## The Hanging Committee

